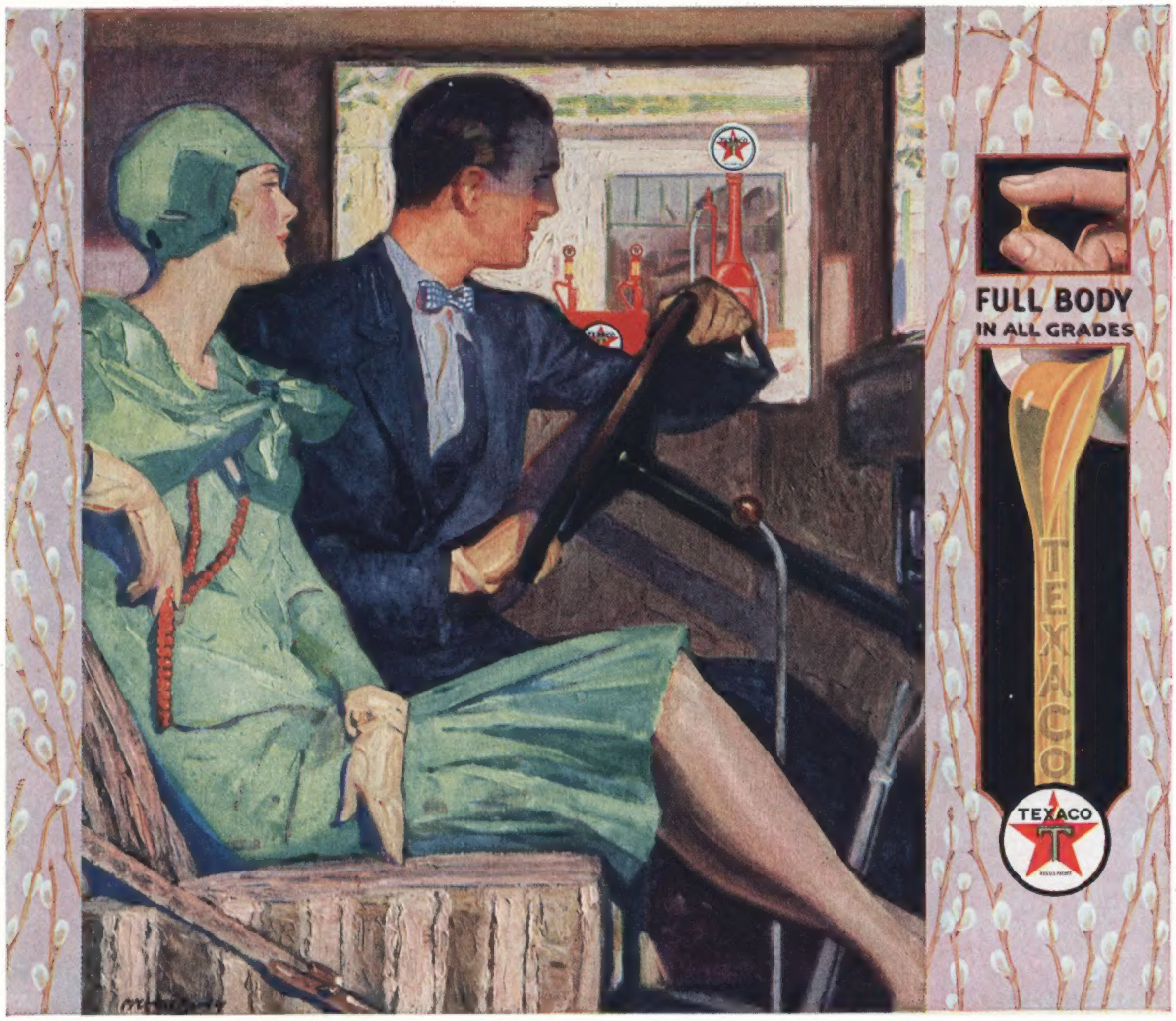
MARCH 9, 1929 ★

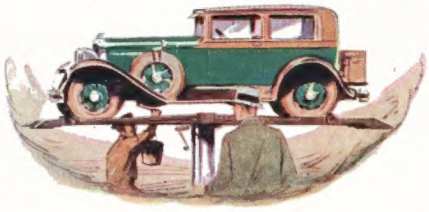
JUDGE

PRICE 15 CENTS



Take ten minutes—now!

Your engine needs fresh, full-bodied motor oil. Drain out the old. Don't drive now with "winter-worn" oil in the crankcase. Diluted, thinned out by the choke, it no longer has sufficient body to lubricate fully . . . to protect pistons, cylinder walls and bearings.



Stop at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Ten minutes at most and you are on your way, crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with full-bodied, heat-resisting Texaco Golden Motor Oil . . . clean, clear, *pure.*

TEXACO
GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

For premium performance—no added price—use the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline. Sold in every State.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

JUDGING THE BOOKS

Red Harvest, by Dashiell Hammett, is a marvelous underworld thriller traced in gore with a machine gun. Its locale is Personville, a puppy Chicago, so bad they term it Poisonville. Some gentle soul calls in a Frisco sleuth to clean house. The bull pits the underworld playboys against each other and gleefully allows them to slaughter themselves into extermination. By page 200 he has incited seventeen helpful murders. More follow. Crammed with low-down politics, jailbreaks, frame-ups, bombs, pitched battles and sundry other underworld sports, it is a swell dish of a book. Especially recommended to the Chicago police as a textbook.

Rome Haul, by Walter D. Edmonds, a young Harvard man (Yale men please make futile remarks), presents a crowded, toy-epic panorama of life on the Erie Canal in 1850—before that ol' debbil railroad did for it as a living ditch. Its romance is stomachable; its "canawlers" vigorously drawn; its fun crude but genuine; its characters' morals agreeably free; and its fights bareknuckled and grand. In short, a healthy, readable tale by a new Fenimore Cooper.

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset—A fine novel of medieval Norway and a sequel to "The Axe," also outstanding. Not a lightsome story by any means—recounting as it does the Married Troubles of Ingunn and Olav—but a powerful tragedy that penetrates deeply into human temptations and sufferings. The author has just received the Nobel Prize.

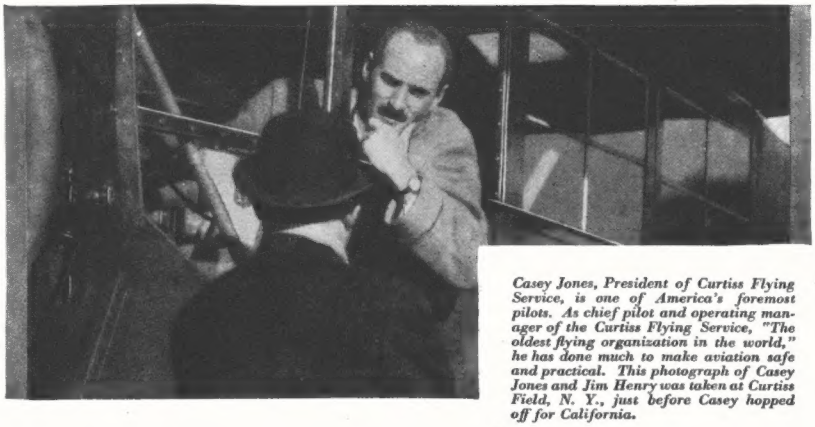
The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook—Weird and interesting experiences, with voodoo, witchcraft and Haitian black magic.

Transport, by Isa Glenn—A sophisticated and tense novel of officers and their wives aboard a Manila-bound army transport.

Skippy, by Percy Crosby—Meet Skippy, the great common denominator of American boyhood. Laugh and cry over his escapades.

Footprints, by Kay Cleaver Strahan—A highly diverting mystery story.

CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and COOL SHAVES"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen Salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask *that* question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

Modern — refreshing — unique — that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves. Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men asking what they think of Menthol-iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can see it in the mirror; I can feel the difference through a whole business day."

A well known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both Mennen creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard, 2—it lubricates the razor blade, 3—it invigorates the skin. . . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. J-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

"Hello! Isn't that Sherry's new Studebaker Commander?"

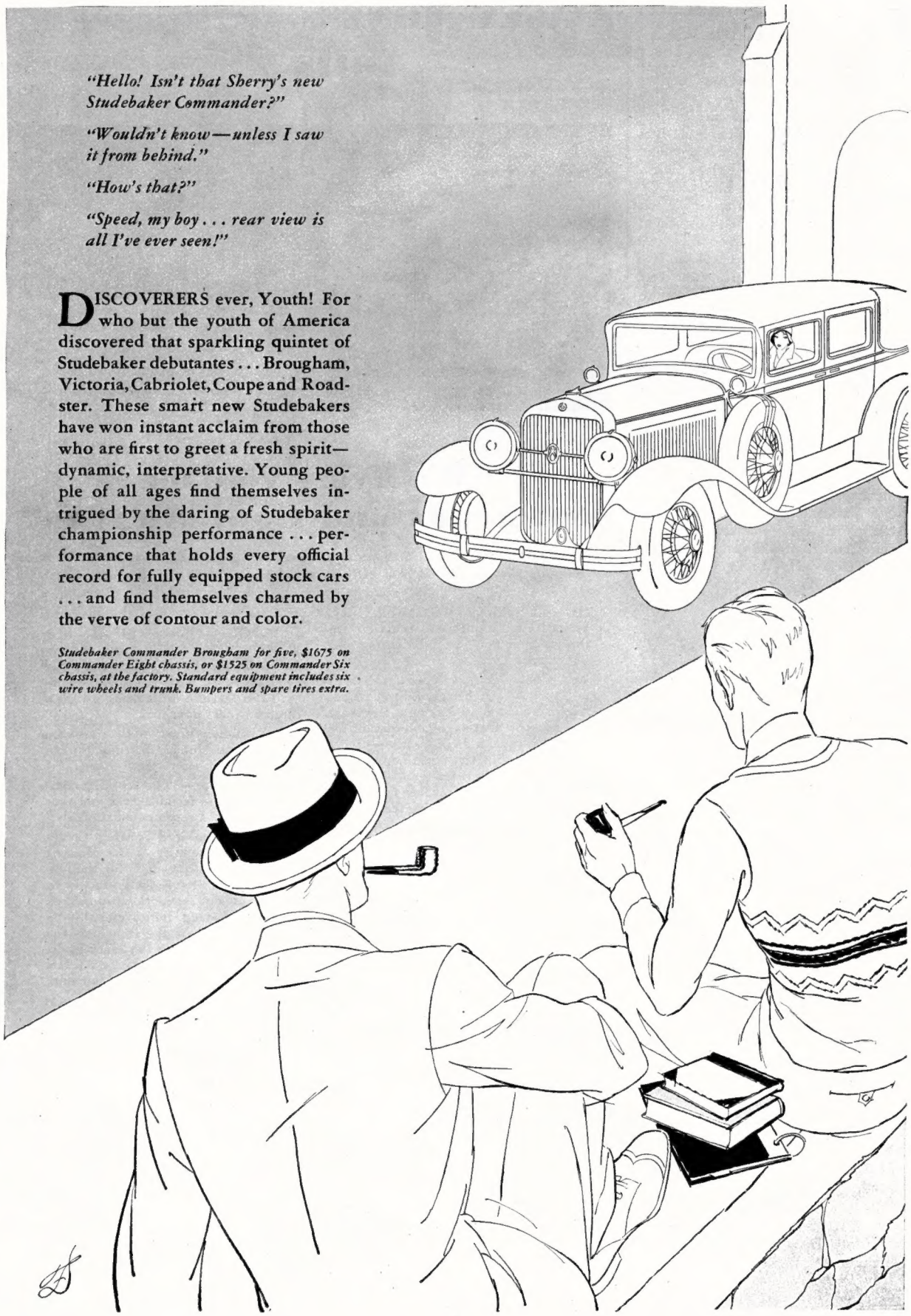
"Wouldn't know—unless I saw it from behind."

"How's that?"

"Speed, my boy . . . rear view is all I've ever seen!"

DISCOVERERS ever, Youth! For who but the youth of America discovered that sparkling quintet of Studebaker debutantes . . . Brougham, Victoria, Cabriolet, Coupe and Roadster. These smart new Studebakers have won instant acclaim from those who are first to greet a fresh spirit—dynamic, interpretative. Young people of all ages find themselves intrigued by the daring of Studebaker championship performance . . . performance that holds every official record for fully equipped stock cars . . . and find themselves charmed by the verve of contour and color.

Studebaker Commander Brougham for five, $1675 on Commander Eight chassis, or $1525 on Commander Six chassis, at the factory. Standard equipment includes six wire wheels and trunk. Bumpers and spare tires extra.



Judge

JUDGING THE NEWS

The Chicago bandits who used police uniforms in their operations, and who have been the object of a city-wide search, will probably be found asleep on some street corner.

And the beauty of being a detective in Chicago is, that if you do catch a gangster you're bound to get credit for solving half a dozen murders.

It's purely a personal opinion, of course, but what this country needs more than new cruisers, is old-fashioned schooners.

Now that Congress has passed a bill creating an eight million dollar system of bird sanctuaries throughout the United States, we wonder what the yearly appropriation will be to enforce the darn thing.

It seems to this department that both John Bull and Uncle Sam are walking around with a ship on their shoulders.

"Can a Christian attend a prize fight with a clear conscience?" asks an inquirer in Dr. Cadman's Daily Counsel. Our answer would be, "yes! Especially in a ringside seat . . . What you don't see won't hurt you."

When your doctor orders you to quit smoking—be nonchalant—light a Murad.

JUDGE, Volume 96, No. 2471, March 9, 1929. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post Office at New York City, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly by Judge Publishing Co., Inc., 627 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y., and copyrighted 1929, by it in the U. S. and Great Britain; Fred L. Rogan, President; Ralph P. Campbell, Vice-President; Vernal W. Bates, Treasurer; Joseph T. Cooney, Secretary; 627 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.

"My, what an unusual rug!"
"Yes—I picked it up outside of the college after one of the class rushes."

Be Prepared for the Spring

Spring! When the open road calls;
Spring! When the weather's fine;
Spring! When the country beckons,
And cars spin down the line.

Spring! And a million cars out;
Spring! When the motors hum;
So, if you go out walking,
Spring when you see them come!

—R. C. O'Brien

Unanimous

Congressman—I never *read* my speeches.
Heckler—Neither does anybody else.

Herbert Hoover has been advancing all his life, but the progress he has made during the past several years is remarkable. From the last row in the cabinet photographs to the presidency in that space of time is no small achievement.

To take a pessimist's view of it, roads are being made wider just to make it harder for the pedestrian to cross them.

Perfection

Then there was the Scotch author who hoped all his children would be girls so he could use his old typewriter ribbons for their hair.

Apartment Life in America

This is about the time of year the janitor finally gets the furnace in working order.

Probably the most effective use of the radio as an advertising medium could be made by a company manufacturing something for earache.

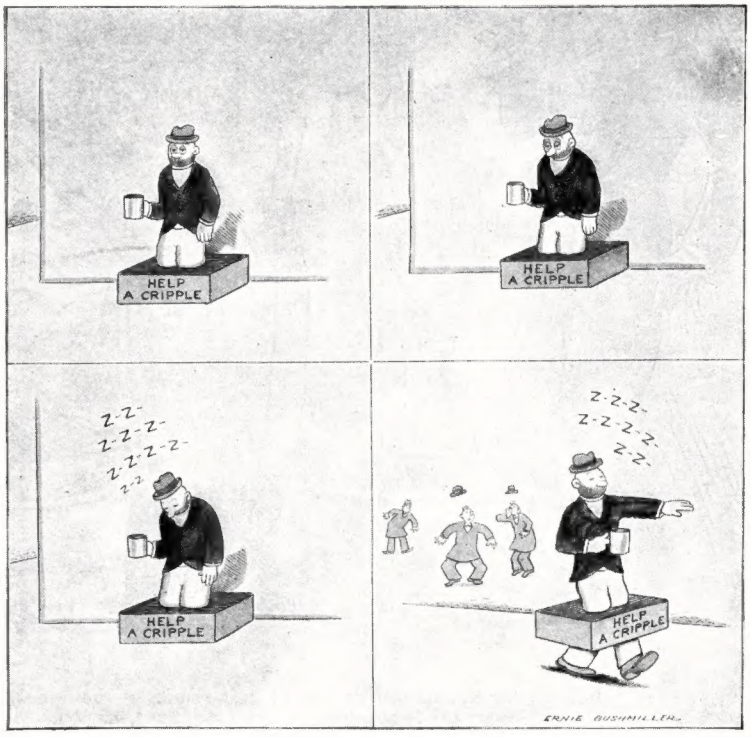
How To Save Things

People empty their pockets before sending their suits to the tailor's. Then why not pull off the buttons of shirts before sending them to the laundry?

The fellow that said you get out of anything just what you put into it, probably never played a slot-machine.

Solution

Nitt—I can't make both ends meet so I hire a lawyer to do my worrying for me.
Witt—How do you pay him?
"That's one of the things for him to worry about."

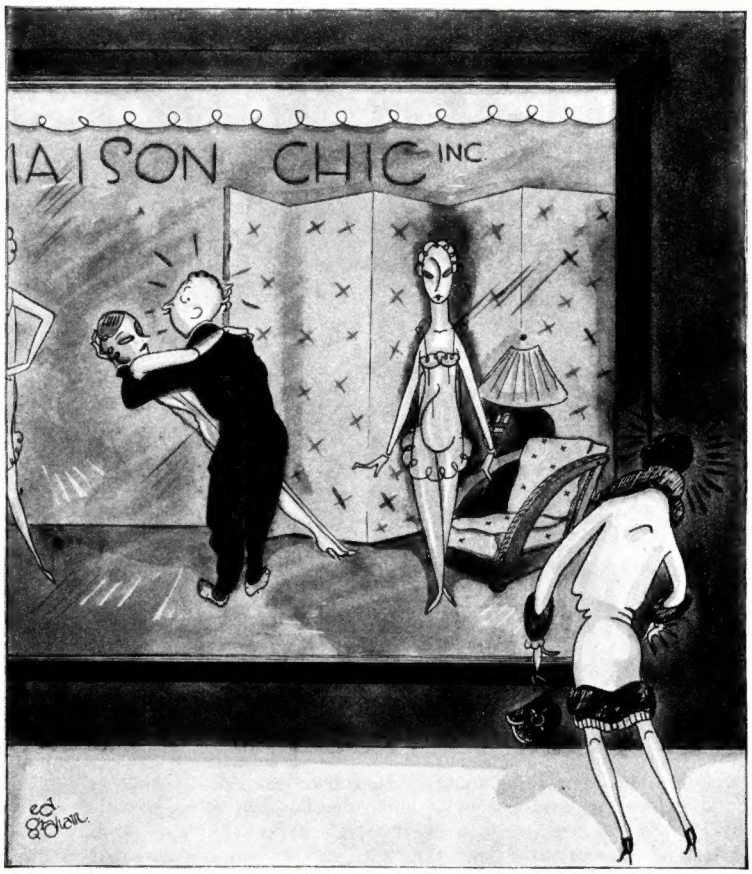


Industrial Ditties

The Filing Clerk.

The filing clerk—that Grace of Graces—
Must put things in their proper places.
She must not let them lay around
But file them where they can be found.
But should a man propose to her,
Or should she buy a winter fur,
Or should the tabloid that she reads
Record some Bluebeard's latest deeds,
It's ten to one that notes from "LEE
& SONS" she'll file in folder "B,"
While mail and bills from "JONES & WELLS"
The little rogue will file with "Ls."
Resplendent lass, can't you do better?
You've got the spirit, but lack the letter!

—Arthur L. Lippmann



Window Dresser's Wife—*The brute!! I'll see a lawyer!!*

The fellow who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

This Is No Bull

Calculus Prof.—Mr. Valey, suppose a farmer had a cow tied to the fence inside a circular field two hundred feet in diameter. If he came up to you and asked you how he should go about finding how long a tether would allow the cow to graze over exactly one acre, what would you tell him?

Valey—I'd tell him to go to hell, sir.

—Robert Arthur

First Bootlegger—There's a storm brewing.

Second—Oh, Gawd—more competition!

Could we palm off a story onta yuh about a feller with a clouded cerebellum who went into an optician's shop after some opera glasses? He asked for a pair of stage spectacles.

ENOUGH ROPE!

The Low Down on the North Pole Business

Facts by Gurney "Esquimo" Williams

Fancies by George "Igloo" Lichtenstein

Doctor Cook is generally accredited with the discovery of the North Pole, but recent data I thawed out of my refrigerator with a steam hose reveals that *there is no such thing as the North Pole.*

It seems that Jake Dalton and a companion named Samuel Berg started out many years ago in a hansom cab drawn by Nellie, a kine of a cow, on an expedition calculated to discover the so-called North Pole, and that these two hardy pioneers faced countless hardships in vain, discovering nothing but a shortage in their bank accounts. Their trip forms one of the most griping (Notice to proofreader: O. K.) stories that has ever appeared on this page.

"I'm a pauper!" cried Sam.

Everything went smoothly until Jake and Sam got 700 miles north of Spitzbergen—up in the extreme lassitudes—when Sam fell out of the cab and broke a leg. The men built a camp and as Sam suffered a great deal, Jake had to apply snow to the swollen limb every two hours. "Isn't that nice, Berg?" he would say. "Yes," Sam would groan, "gosh, I'm glacier here."

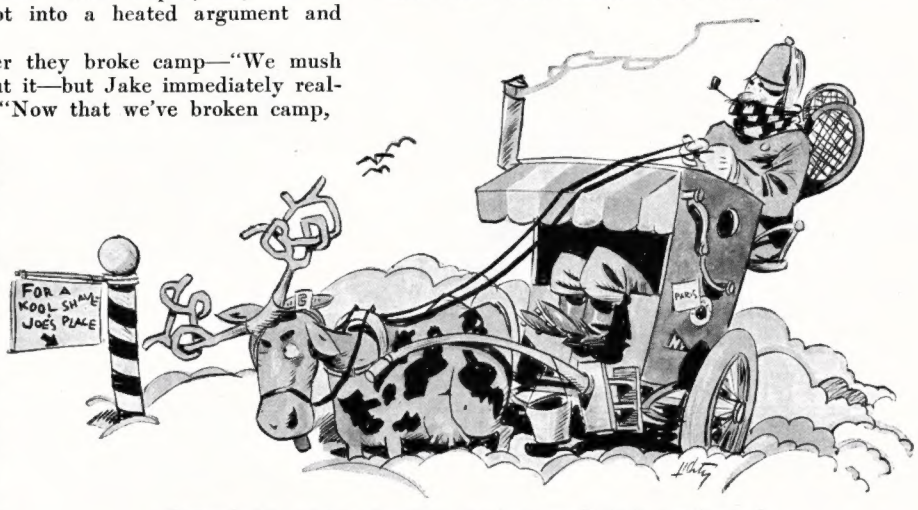
But that was only the beginning of their misfortune. To add to their horrors the weather turned colder and the two men were in imminent danger of freezing when Jake suddenly remembered that he was from the wild and woolly west; and what with Sam's leg knitting and all, why they soon laughed in the face of Death. What helped, too, was the fact that they got into a heated argument and traded socks.

Two weeks later they broke camp—"We mush go on," as Sam put it—but Jake immediately realized their folly. "Now that we've broken camp, what are we going to do for our next one?" "Fix this one up," suggested Sam; so they looked in their tool chest but they couldn't find a saw. Jake, however, was equal to the emergency. "Listen," he said, "suppose a thug was holding up a child and a cop came along, took his gun away, broke it over his knee and said, 'Spoil the rod and spare the child.' What would we have?" "An old saw!" cried Sam delightedly. "Even if it *is* twisted a little," added Jake with a leer.

Well, the subterfuge worked and the men moved on—to meet their most crushing disappointment. When they arrived at the Top of the World they found nothing there. "It looks like snow," said Jake. "Yeah," returned Sam bitterly, "I know." "What's the best thing frost ado?" asked Jake, suddenly overcome by Scotchogramitis. "I am undie cited," replied Sam, stricken with a reverse case. "Honest, Lee, I doughnut fan see these I sickles." "I vote we go home," said Jake. "Good!" approved Sam. "And I'll bet it's the first voting that has ever taken place at this Pole."

More weeks of hardship and finally Jake and Sam reached home, exhausted, weary, and disillusioned. There they were tendered a banquet, and Jake, as leader of the expedition, was presented with a pewter cup by his friends. "Isn't that a pewtered prize?" he said disgustedly. Sam, on the other hand, was presented with twins by his wife. "I'm a pauper!" he cried.

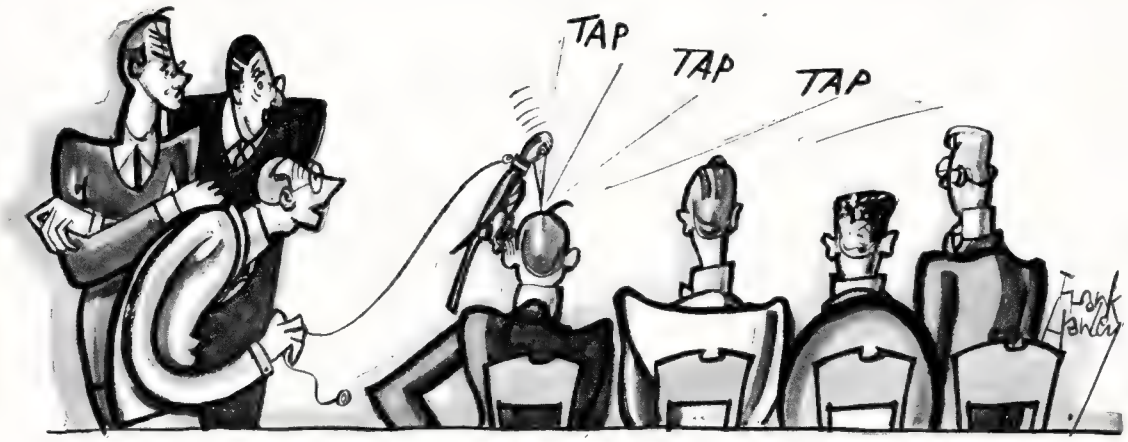
So anyway, the next time anybody asks you to discover the North Pole tell him to go buy a camp and pitch it in the river or the Grand Canyon or someplace, and besides there snow use talking—this North Pole business is all a fake.



Remarkable photo showing the last mad dash northward.

BURGLAR—*Wot a fool! Wot a fool I wuz to git into the clutches o' one of these dern flappers!*

AGENT—*Well, how're you getting along with your second husband?*



Phi Beta Kappa Society testing eligible members on Tap Day.

Bright Sayings of Kiddies

A prize of one dollar will be paid for best letters containing suggestions as to how we can stop parents from sending these in.

My little son came out in the kitchen where I was busy opening cans and said: "Mommer, are we having company for supper?"

"No, darlink," I answered; "what makes you think we are?"

"Well," he answered, "I just saw the old man lying on the floor in the parlor and groaning something terrible."

My husband is subject to fits, but the little dear was mistaken as to the cause this time.

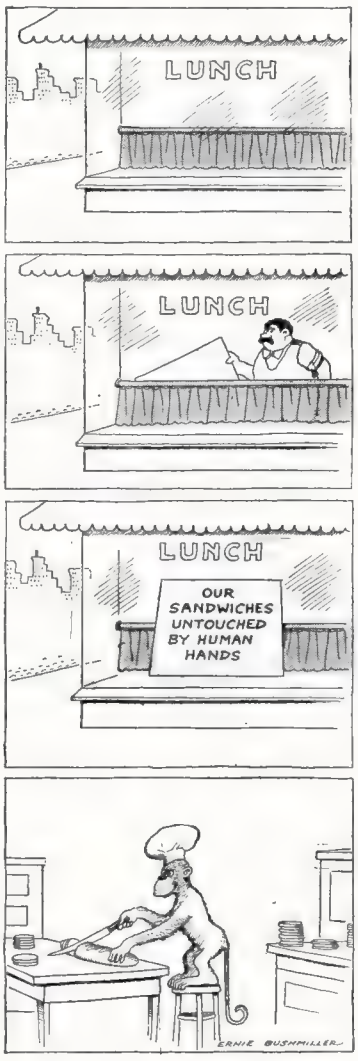
—Mrs. Nothing

They opened up a new street out our way the other day, so my little nephew exclaimed: "Goody; we always needed another playground up here."

—Arabella Potterthrop—

I gave my little son, aged six, some flypaper for his birthday. The kid is an aviation enthusiast. I explained to him how he could spread the paper on different parts of the floor and make out the flies were airplanes and the flypaper landing fields. After a while I noticed he was sulking. I asked him what was the matter. "How can I play," he asked, rather testily, I thought, "when you're sitting on Mitchel Field right now?" Of course, the laugh was at my "expense."

—Mrs. R. C. O'Brien



The Private Life of Radio Stars

The sleek young announcer stepped out into the corridor and called the roll:

"Patrick Kelly."
"Here."
"Abraham Levy."
"Here."
"Otto Shultz."
"Present."
"Sandy McPherson."
"Present."
"Nick Papadalopus."
"Here."
"Pedro Gonzales."
"Here."

"All right, boys, follow me into the studio," said the announcer. Then he stepped up to the microphone.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Tonight we have with us again those carefree Magyars, those temperamental troubadours, those Hungarian players, the A. & P. Gypsies."

—Arthur L. Lippmann

Hill—I hear you've quit golf.

Gill—Yes, I did it for the wife and caddies.

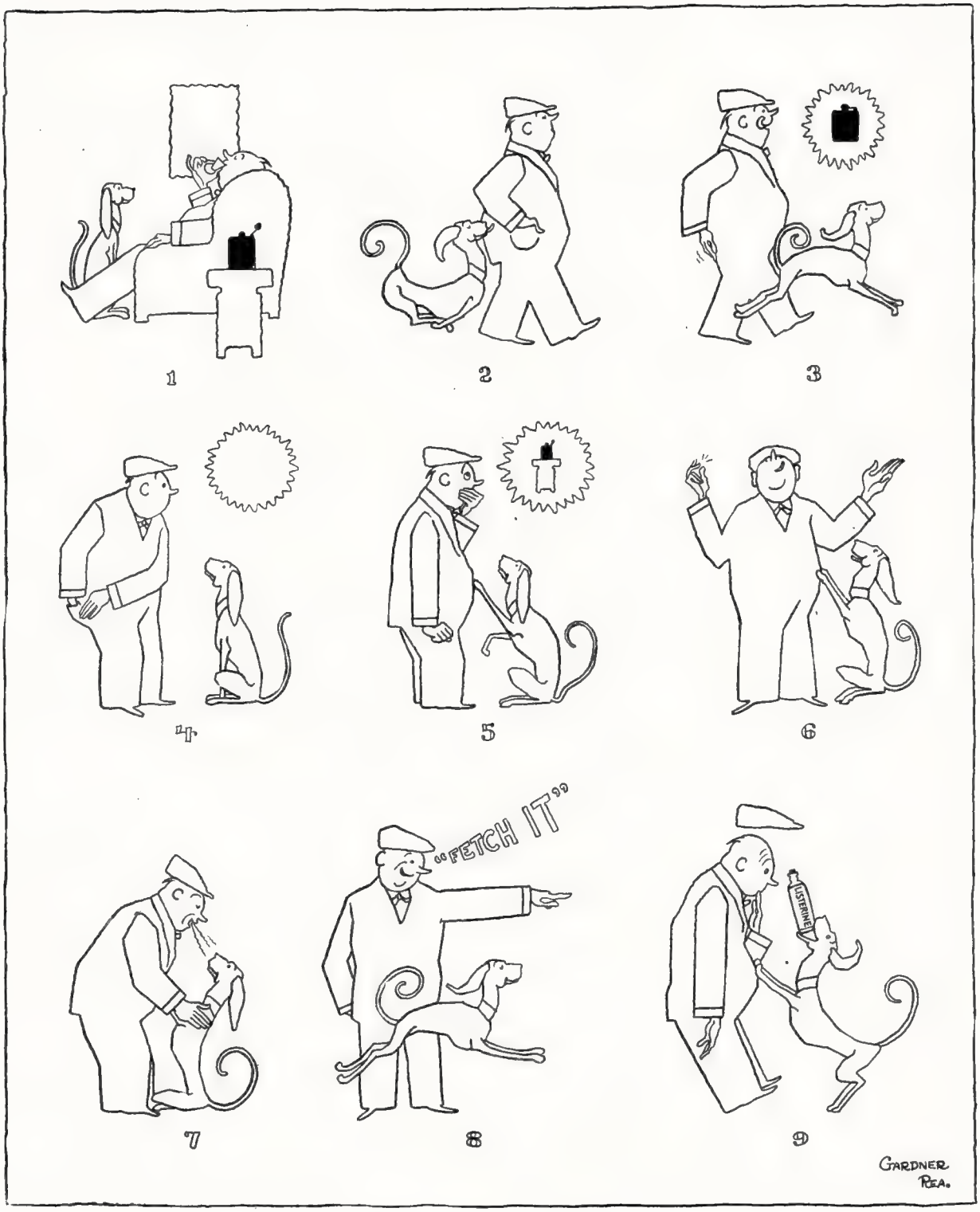
Two heads are better than one, but not if they're on the same pin.

Simile

Nitt—My barber shaves like lightning

Witt—Fast, eh?

"Yes, and he never strikes twice in the same place."



MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Aldermanic Body in Panic! City Fathers Prohibit Poison-Gas!

By S. J. Perelman, Needlework Editor of Judge

New York, March 7.—The Board of Aldermen of New York has been messing around, parching for something to prohibit. Last Tuesday they passed an ordinance that no policemen could be eaten whilst on duty. Wednesday they rushed through a bill compelling the Southern states (Georgia, Louisiana, Rosalsky, Weber, and Heilbronner) to stop making Confederate money. And now they have gone and passed a ruling that nobody can make poison-gas for home use or even buy it at the corner saloon.

This latest cute move on the part of the Aldermanic chamber is bound to make a lot of disgruntled voters. Formerly a man could go out and get gruntled and nobody could even gainsay him. Now with the parks full of disgruntled poison-gas addicts, people are going to use dangerous substitutes. Already five casualties have been brought in suffering with freckles and windburn bought in waterfront speakeasies. On closer examination two of them were discovered to have caviar and were put up in quart cans and sold to delicatessen stores.

Among the first arrests yesterday for breaking the new regulation were those of Hermione Greenspan, colored, and Grover W. Garbo, also colored. Miss Green's pan (or rather, Miss Greenspan's pan) is colored bright green, and Mr. Garbo, neither blonde nor brunette, uses Nude, the new chic pastel shade. Mr. Garbo was accused of heaping coals of fire on Miss Greenspan's head, which violates Section III of the law. (That is, Miss Greenspan's head does not violate Section III, but heaping coals on her conk is forbidden.) The guilty pair were taken into Custody, New York, and waivers were taken out by McGraw, Ruppert, and Rupert McGraw. Some of the waivers were found to be fully developed and almost three feet long.

"We had a hard time landing some of the waivers," admitted Capt. McGraw as the party posed in front of the day's catch with their rods. "You know we're not allowed to tip the waivers and the service you get is something terrible. Why, only yesterday my wife and I—by the way, Baker, you must come up to the house some day and meet the wife—"

"I wonder what's become of Sally?"

"I was up not long ago," I hedged shyly.

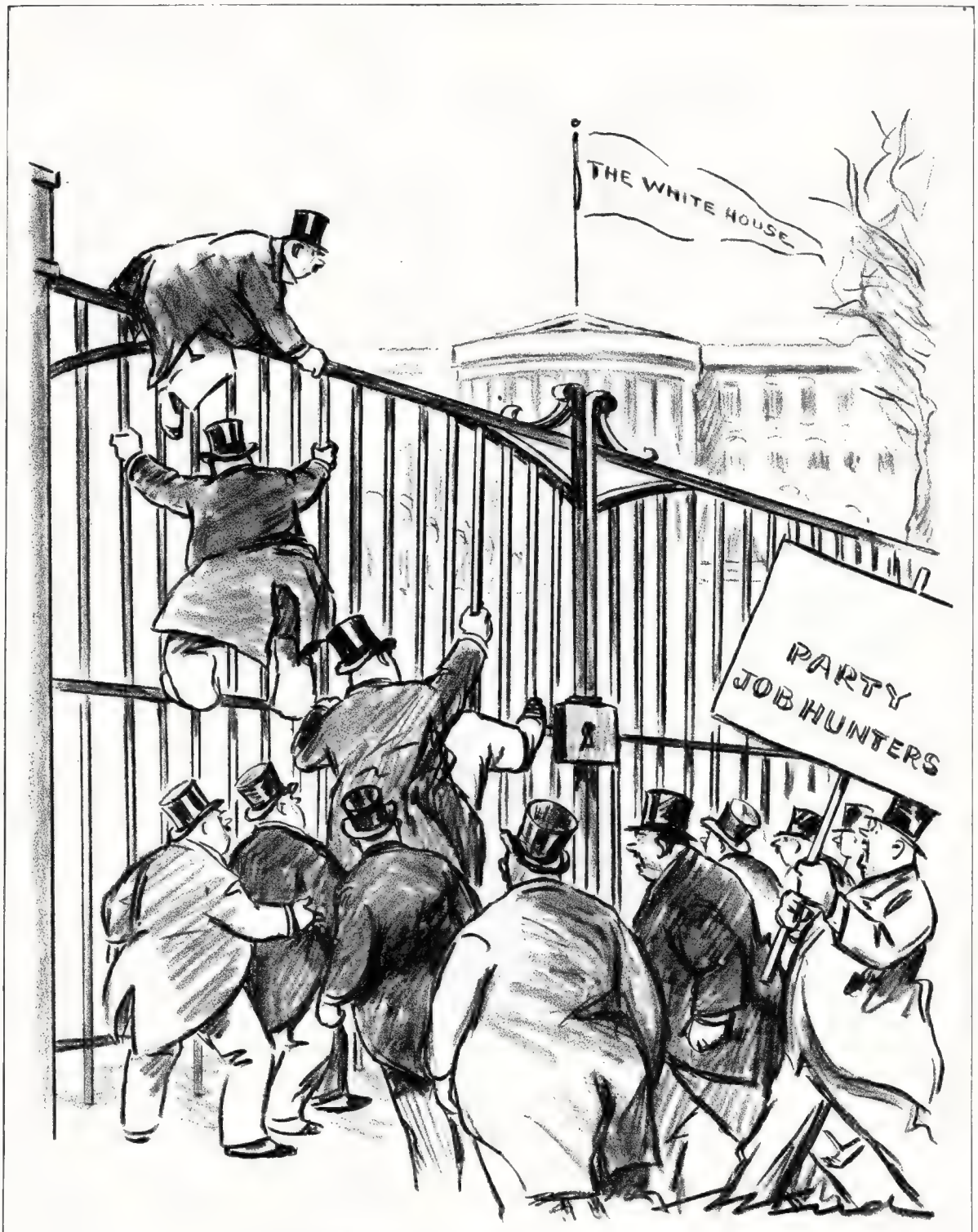
"When?" demanded McGraw, beginning to bristle.

"Oh, you weren't there," I riposted, "And if it's all the same to you, I prefer a little more of the white meat without so much bristle."

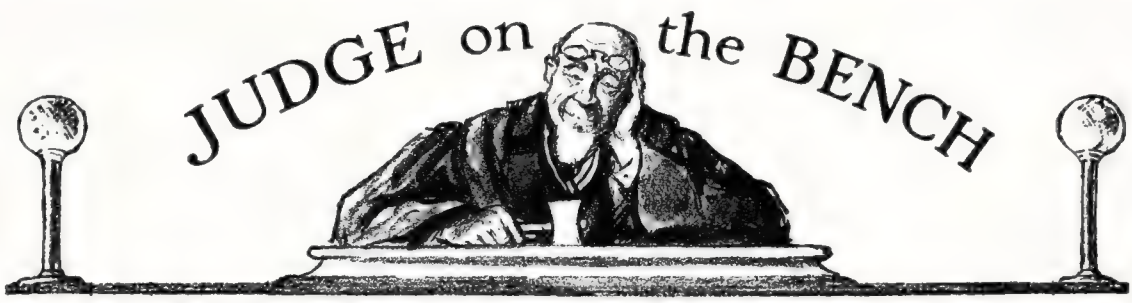
"Gladly, old man," brimmed McGraw, carving the bird. "Well, well, so you *have* met the little woman! Tell me, don't you think I'm a lucky fellow?"

"We're both lucky fellows, babe," I sallied, and judging by the laughter of the doorman four stories below, you could have heard my sally in our alley.

The poison-gas enforcement ban is in charge of "Municipal Ban" Johnson. Mr. Johnson, whose exquisitely tailored bans are familiar to the wise mob on the main throb, has offered twenty-five grand for the best solution of poison-gas prohibition enforcement. The younger generation has rebelled and carouses nightly with bootleg gas. Mustard Gas and Tear Gas are served wherever *la jeunesse* congregates. Hardy spirits are even tapping the kitchen stoves to distill gas for their orgies and plans are under way to prohibit stoves and perhaps the younger generation. The latter will be wiped out by compulsory readings of Heywood Brounstein, Alexander Woollcottstein, and Christopher Morleystein. These three roguish cavaliers will then be iced, salted, and shipped by dog team to Devil's Island or Van Dieman's Land and forgotten. . . . It all sounds too good to be true.



THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED



Editor, Jack Shuttleworth *Art Editor*, Phil Rosa *Associate Editor*, Richard J. Walsh *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan

Business Integrity

THIS seems an appropriate time to recall some remarks made by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address more than a year ago:

"Reputation is what people think we are; character is what we really are. A good reputation for an individual or business concern is to be desired; far more so a character that is beyond question. . . .

"It is true that money is often made by trickery and sharp practice, but successful business is not established on a foundation so shifting.

"Regretfully must we admit that instances are not lacking of corporations and individuals who set themselves up as superior to law, but when condemned, as they are sure to be, in the court of public opinion, even the most worldly minded is bound to ask himself, 'Does it pay?' . . .

"But, someone says, the pressure of competition is so tremendous that it is not always practicable to maintain these standards, much as we may believe in them. I answer that no honest stockholder wants profits derived from compromise with right, nor would he wittingly permit, much less expect, any act to be performed by anyone representing the company, from the president to the office boy, which he would not himself be willing to perform."

We hope and believe that a man named Stewart, who never did take all that stuff seriously, will just about now be discovering his mistake.

The Net Results

FROM the meeting of the Tennis Association these weighty items emerged:

Bill Tilden, kissed and forgiven, miraculously became an amateur once more, which will boost the paid attendance at tournaments this season.

The California impresarios demanded half the gate receipts as the price of letting Helen Wills play in an eastern event.

More than a fair share of the tournaments having been held at the West Side Tennis Club, the Germantown Cricket and others serve notice that they want some of the swag, although for the present they recognize that it is very important "to protect the financial investment of the West Side Stadium."

No action was taken looking to an open tournament, but the likelihood has increased—apparently not for the excellent reason that contests between amateurs and pros heighten skill and foster sportsmanship, but for the practical reason that they afford another attraction with which to draw the crowds and get the cash.

Amateurism! Professionalism! Horsefeathers!

The Boys Who Made Good

FIFTEEN thousand successful business men (and aren't you surprised to learn that there are so many?) have received questionnaires from Harvard University which is trying to find out what made them successful. The questions asked have to do with the social classes from which they sprang, their education and their early experience. Professor Taussig and his associates are curious to know whether being somebody's nephew is better than training in the famous University of Hard Knocks; whether a fraternity pin on your undershirt is a more potent talisman than a tattoo on your biceps; and whether starting at the bottom and working up pays as well in the aggregate as starting at the top and working down. What we are wondering is how many of those addressed will be honest enough to reply, "I was just a lucky stiff."

* * *

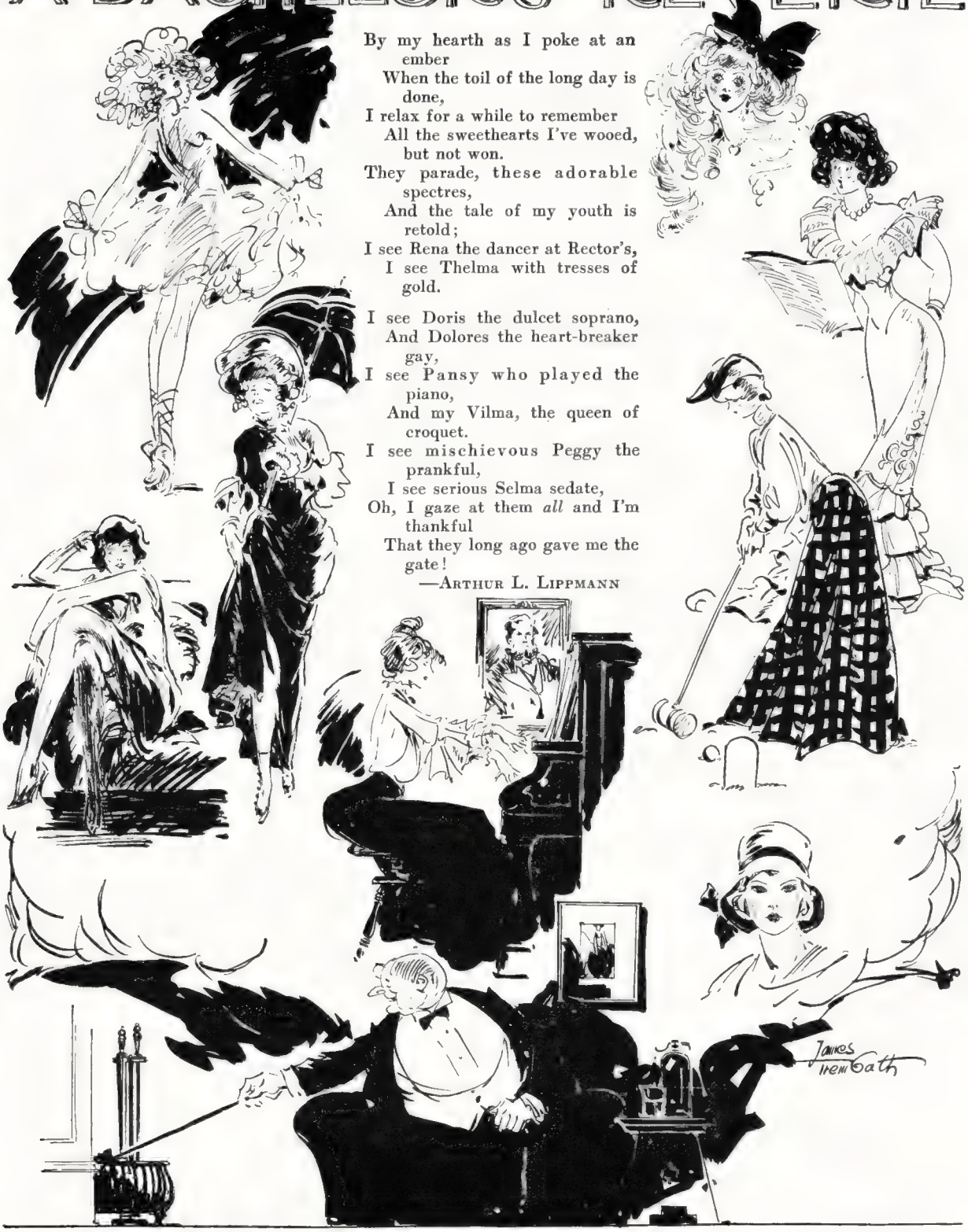
AT a meeting of the Chicago Dental Society a pyorrhea pundit suggested "a Nineteenth Amendment which would prohibit the eating of certain foods." The doc may be a good dentist but he's a bad mathematician. If he would count correctly, he'd learn that we already have a Nineteenth Amendment, which says in effect that four out of five women have the vote. And he's a bad psychologist, too, else he would know that never again will this nation vote to prohibit anything.

Unless, possibly, spinach.

Younger Generation Notes—No. 41

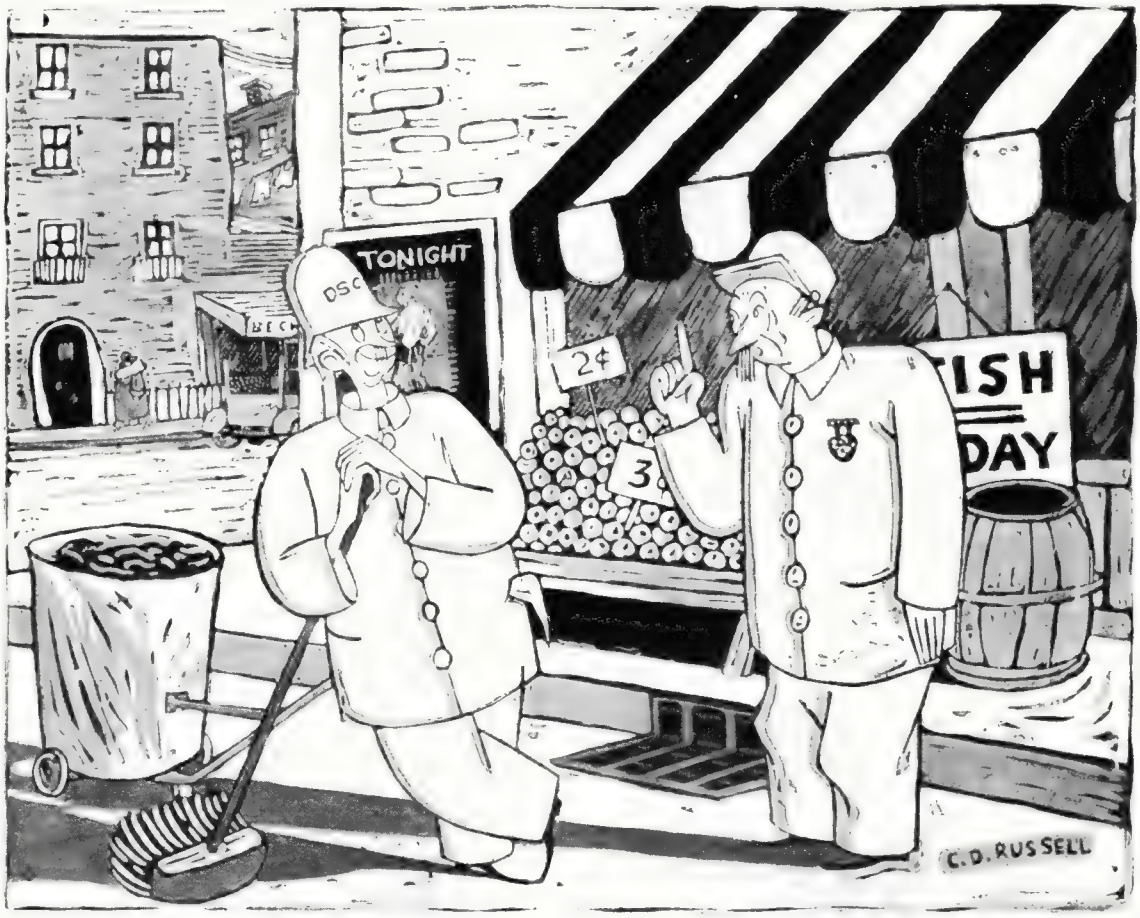
F. P. A. spotted this inconsistency in the headlines on the newspaper stories of a recent address by the wife of the Governor of New York: The Times headline was "Mrs. Roosevelt Lauds Younger Generation," and the Herald Tribune's was "Mrs. Roosevelt Deplores Modern Pace of Life," which bears out our familiar thesis, that in all this talk about the Generation you hear only what you want to hear and you believe only what you want to believe.

R. J. W.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE

By my hearth as I poke at an ember
When the toil of the long day is done,
I relax for a while to remember
All the sweethearts I've wooed, but not won.
They parade, these adorable spectres,
And the tale of my youth is retold;
I see Rena the dancer at Rector's,
I see Thelma with tresses of gold.

I see Doris the dulcet soprano,
And Dolores the heart-breaker gay,
I see Pansy who played the piano,
And my Vilma, the queen of croquet.
I see mischievous Peggy the prankful,
I see serious Selma sedate,
Oh, I gaze at them *all* and I'm thankful
That they long ago gave me the gate!

—Arthur L. Lippmann



"Remember now, Julius, Right Thinking and Clean Living and I'll have you on Broadway in a year."

Curriculum

A bell rang loudly. Sixty-three students threw away their cigarettes and thronged into the Lecture Hall. Soon the rows of seats were filled with attentive undergraduates. Then the professor entered, mounted the platform, cleared his throat and proceeded with the lecture:

"Good morning, gentlemen! Nice day, isn't it? But I think we're going to get some rain. Feel it in my leg. Every time the weather gets damp my old sciatica troubles me. If I was rich I'd be in Florida now. Great feller, that Captain Fried. Did you read where somebody said that the well-dressed man should have twenty suits and twenty coats? Pretty bad break in the stock market. Do you think Hoover will make a good President? Yes, he's an experienced man. That feller Whalen is certainly raising the dickens with the police force in New York. Well, the groundhog saw his shadow out in Ohio and a neighbor of mine noticed a robin on his lawn the other day. Guess Spring's coming at last. My oldest boy is laid up with the mumps. What do you think of Commander Byrd's trip to the South Pole? Glad to have seen you. Good-bye."

Then the bell rang again. The students left their seats and thronged into the halls. The instructor gathered up his notes and withdrew.

The morning Oral English Lecture in the Garibaldi Barber College was over.

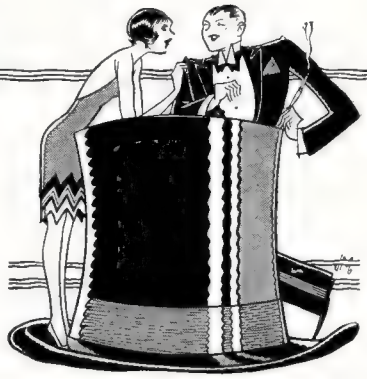
—Arthur L. Lippmann

Plant mushrooms in your window box and raise your own music.

CLUB LIFE IN AMERICA

THE CHICAGO POLICE

HIGH HAT



While Tomato, my Jap, is looking for my collar button I shall serve my clever bit of the week.

I really haven't much to say this time—(cries of When *did* you?)—but, as you've observed, tha-a-a-a-at can't stop me.

First of all I'll mention some shows I've seen: "Holiday," "Follow Thru," and "Whispering Gallery." The latter probably *is* just *whispering* now.

But "Holiday" and "Follow Thru"—there's a pair of evenings for you. I saw "Holiday" four times in one week and appeared in the theatre to see it a fifth time, but got arrested for loitering. Hope Williams, Donald Ogden Stewart, and the excellent chap who plays the "sipping son," are my smart and what-ho ideas of acting that's a lot of people's business. And the play *itself!!* When Phil Barry juggles rich families who have nothing to do, as in "You and I" and "Holiday," he's a delicious pain in my aching sides. Hope Williams, who walks about at a right angle, makes a hit with me every time. And Don Stewart, who writes great stuff like *this, too,* is 'way ahead of magnificent as "Second Vice-President of the second largest Spat Factory!" But this "Sipping Son" chap. —He's pipped throughout the play—always wet—done with grand restraint. I've always maintained that pipped people needn't stagger. It's part of my philosophical culture.

Some people are saying that the acting in "Holiday" is amateurish. Mebbe so! I wasn't so bad myself in "Peg O' My Heart," when the Belleville, Kan., High School selected it as the Senior Class play. I'd rather be an amateur than a *ham* any day! (No, you big *sap,* I *wasn't "Peg" in the Class Play!!!*)

"Follow Thru" is about golf. (In case you don't know what the game of golf is, I might tell you—I *might* if the editor turned the whole thirty-odd pages of JUDGE over to me.)

"Mista Junior," interrupts Tomato, "Velly much me no find Mista colly buttle!"

"Pulleeze, Tomato—this is no time to interrupt me about a collar button!"

"Ha-ha—ho-ho—mebble you okay ablout thlat!"

"How many times, Tomato, have I instructed you to abolish ell from your speech!"

"Velly solly, Mista Junior!"

"If you can't find that collar button, go out and *buy* one. Indeed, Tomato, one'd think I couldn't afford a new collar button occasionally! *Indeed!*"

"I look unda radilo—I look unda all chlairs—I look unda wardlobe—I look unda—

"Did you look under the tlelephlone—I mean the te'phlone—*Gad!!* I'm talking like Tomato—telephone table?"

"Velly solly no—will looky!"

Tomato shuffles out. Now I can go on. Lessee—where was I? Oh—yes—"Follow Thru."

Irene Delroy is just about the——

"Velly solly—Tomato blump head unda tellyphlone table!" says Tomato, shufflingly.

"*DID* you see the collar button?"

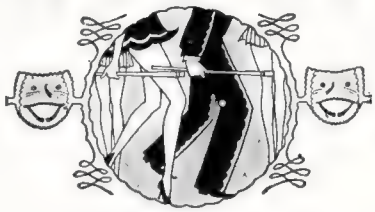
VELLY SOLLY, BUT TOMATO NO FIND COLLY BUTTLON!!
THE ONLY EXCUSE FOR THIS DRAWING IS THAT IT INTRODUCES TOMATO JUNIOR'S NEW JAP VALET — JUNIOR CALLS HIM "THE YELLOW PEARL" — YOU'LL PROBABLY HEAR TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM ——

"Tomato, your humbly servant, us see twently-flive thlousand colly buttles!"

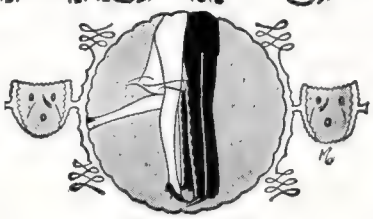
"Great! Dandy! You're a yellow pearl! Go back and pick out just one from the twenty-five thousand and roll it around the floor with your nose for one hour. I'll be through with my work by then—and I'll play handball with you with the collar button!" I command as I hold Tomato over my

(*Continued on page 32*)

JUDGING THE SHOWS



By
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE stranger from Mars, perusing the New York newspaper reviews of "Dynamo," would, estimating them from their ferocity, doubtless assume that Eugene O'Neill had not merely written a bad play but had also been guilty of stealing the reviewers' wives, murdering their children and setting fire to their houses. For all the boys who found "The Marriage Bed," "Brothers," "Poppa," "Zeppelin" and other such exhibits deserving of their fondest approbation landed upon O'Neill with fists, feet and teeth and delightedly ripped him from ear to ear. Not since the days of the Cherry Sisters and Adele Blood has such hen fruit been thrown at a figure in the theatre and with what would seem to be so pervasive a critical relish. Some of the reviews read as if it was O'Neill who murdered Rosenthal, Snyder, Rothstein and the Franks boy. Some read as if O'Neill were a greater menace to the legitimate drama than the radio, the talkies and Mae West combined. And still others sound as if it was O'Neill who stuck that woman into the furnace several months ago, who was responsible for the mysterious deaths of Elwell and Dot King and who was back of the Charlie Ross kidnapping.

I do not mean to imply that O'Neill does not deserve the criticism he has got in the case of his play, for that play is an extremely poor one and miles below his better work. I myself, in another place, have performed upon it none too delicately. But just why O'Neill himself, apart from his play, has come in for the slaughter-house treatment puzzles me a little. It is all very well, and perhaps even justifiable, to say that a first-rate dramatist who does bad work deserves something in the way of a superior slating. One has been brought by him to expect reputable drama and, when he doesn't provide it, one has a right to take him severely to task in terms of his own self-imposed and self-confessed standards. So far, so good. But what I do not see is why the berating and detraction on such an occasion should be visited upon the fellow with the unmistakable self-satisfaction and glee that the local reviewers have shown. O'Neill has been attacked almost vindictively. There is a perceptible wolf quality in what has been written against him. Not content with announcing and proving that his "Dynamo" is a sorry thing, which it is, his critics have gone at the author himself as if he should be chucked into jail and his arms and legs cut off. Joseph Byron Totten never got such devastating notices.

It probably all goes back to the characteristic delight of Americans in pulling their heroes off their pedestals. If there is one thing an American likes to do better than putting a man on a pedestal it is booting him off it. Scores of national eminentos have suffered the fate, all the way from George Washington to Grant and from Fatty Arbuckle to Gene Tunney. Lindbergh will be the next; the omens are already in the air. And the next time Captain Fried's ship is delayed two hours by fog, watch what will happen to him. O'Neill is the current goat. He will now have to write at least three plays worthy of Shakespeare at his best to get half-way up the old pedestal again.

"Dynamo," as I have observed, is a big come-

(*Continued on page* 29)

Theatre Digest

"Dynamo" (Beck)—O'Neill takes a bad tumble.

"The Whispering Gallery" (Forrest)—Mystery meller cut from the familiar pattern.

"My Girl Friday" (Republic)—Crudely dirty farce.

"Street Scene" (Playhouse)—Elmer Rice's study of a shabby side-street tenement and its inmates. Recommended to your attention.

"The Subway" (Masque)—Also by Rice, but inferior stuff.

"The Kingdom of God" (Barrymore)—Ethel Barrymore's performance, rather than the play, is what gets the trade here.

"Wings Over Europe" (Alvin)—An attempt above the average, but not a very auspicious one.

"Little Accident" (Ambassador)—It will entertain you. A fresh and original little comedy.

"The Age of Innocence" (Empire)—Dolorous dramatization of La Wharton's tome.

"Holiday" (Plymouth)—Pleasant bit of comedy froth.

"Mima" (Belasco)—A worthless play adroitly staged by the M. Belasco.

"Fioretta" (Carroll)—The handsomest show in town—with a dull libretto and feeble score.

"Boom Boom" (Casino)—Conventional show with Frank McIntyre as the leading zany.

"Hello, Daddy" (Cohan)—A couple of engaging features and a lot more that are cut-and-dried.

"A Most Immoral Lady" (Cort)—Alice Brady wrestling with a cheap manuscript.

"All the King's Men" (Fulton)—Nothing in this one.

"Follow Thru" (46th Street)—The swiftest of the song-and-dance shows. Very amusing.

"Brothers" (48th Street)—Tripe.

"Hedda Gabler" (49th Street)—Poor revival.

"Three Cheers" (Globe)—Will Rogers makes merry at the expense of politicians and other such national afflictions.

"Caprice" (Guild) — Fair Viennese comedy ably acted.

"Congai" (Harris)—Drivel.

"The Perfect Alibi" (Hopkins)—More mystery stuff, somewhat better than the general run.

"Poppa" (Hudson)—Feeble comedy.

"The New Moon" (Imperial)—Romberg's score well sung.

"Animal Crackers" (44th Street)—A genuinely funny evening with the Marx quartette.

"Pleasure Bound" (Majestic)—See next week's issue.

"The Marriage Bed" (Booth)—Nothing here.

"Serena Blandish" (Morosco)—This one doesn't come off, despite Jed Harris' careful production.

"Zeppelin" (National) — Nonsensical melodrama.

"Whoopee" (New Amsterdam) — The Ziegfeld trade-mark—and the M. Cantor.

"This Year of Grace" (Selwyn)—I can find little in it where others seem to find a lot.

"The Front Page" (Times Square)—Excellent farce.

"The Red Robe" (Shubert)—Some good songs.

"Lady Fingers" (Vanderbilt)—Some very humorous cracks.

"Kibitzer" (Royale)—To be reviewed next week.

"The Broken Chain" (Elliott)—Same here.

"Flight" (Longacre)—And here.

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS
WHAT CHARACTER DID YOU PLAY?
I WAS A CHORUS GIRL—I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHARACTER!!
MARCH WINDS AREN'T HALF AS ILL AS THEY SEEM!
"KEITH'S"
SO DO YOU!
YOU LOOK MUCH BETTER WITHOUT GLASSES!
MARRY ME, AND I'LL MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HEAVEN, MY GIRL!
IF YOU DON'T, I'LL MAKE YOURS A LIVING HELL, MY BOY!
"HELLO DADDY"
IF WE DON'T GET OUR XMAS CARD IDEA BY NEXT WEEK, THELL WITH IT!!
NO—CALVIN—IT WOULD NEVER DO TO SEND A XMAS CARD WITH NOTHING ON IT!
MEETING OF THE TUESDAY UNIT OF THE KRIS KRINGLE KNMAS KARD IDEA KLUB!
JAPEE MORGAN
CHARLIE SCHWAB
GLO SWANSON
GRACE
SHORTY EINSTEIN
CAL COOLIDGE
BOBBE

Three More Burning Problems Solved!

Timely Suggestions That Will Diminish the Perplexities of Every-day Life

By Dr. Theophrastus Seuss

The Problem of the Bulging Shirt-Front

How can we utilize the waste space beneath the bulge of our full-dress shirts? Too short to house a dachshund and too narrow for a bowl of goldfish, there is, however, one use to which it is perfectly suited. It will take three canaries nicely. Their heads, moreover, make excellent musical studs.

The Germ Menace, and the Straphanger

The man who is antiseptic-minded will shun the germ-laden straps of the subway cars as poison! It is advisable to stay out of the cars entirely until your beard has reached the length of a serviceable substitute.

How to Eject a Cow From Your Apartment

One of the greatest problems that confronts us New Yorkers is how to get rid of the live stock that follows us home. Once within our comfortable quarters, neither physical force nor the use of harsh words will persuade them to leave.

The old "moon gag" of the Mother Goose Rhymes, however, will usually turn the trick. Manoeuvre your cardboard moon so that when the cow jumps over it she will unwittingly crash through the window. The giddy drop to the ground will sour her milk and, enraged, she will never return.

JUDGING THE MOVIES

By
PARE LORENTZ

You will find that two capable actors, and dialogue written by a playwright, make "The Doctor's Secret" pleasant entertainment. If the story is old-fashioned it is because J. M. Barrie's play, "Half An Hour," from which this all-talking movie is fashioned, is old-fashioned. But whether or not you find yourself terribly worried over the wayward wife who suddenly loses her lover, with a fair chance of her husband as well, does not diminish the polish of Ruth Chatterton's performance.

And, since we have mentioned the young lady, I want to add that I forgot to give her credit for a brilliant piece of work in "Sins of the Fathers," and whether she talks or no she is just about as good an actress as blinks under the Kleig lights on the Gold Coast. The stage seems to be coming into its own these chattering days.

Having gotten off this bow, I would like to be quoted as going on record against any more re-takes of a picture that came out shortly after the death of Kit Carson and was known as "Wings."

The new flying epic is known as "The Flying Fleet," and while it has Annapolis as a background, and naval flying its theme, it takes up that old, old story about "My Buddy," etc., etc. It is really a composite of "Wings," "The Legion of the Condemned," and "The Air Circus." It is not badly done, there is one thrilling shot of a crashing plane, but otherwise it is as dull as a lesson in deaf-and-dumb conversation.

I know it's hard to find a new story each day, but that's no reason why we should put up with imitations. (And, having shaken Hollywood to its very foundations, let us drop the subject.)

Our producers still labor under the impression that if a movie has (1) twenty-five or thirty airplanes in action, (2) newsreel shots of Secretary Wilbur or Dr. Work or Madam Willebrandt shaking hands with a pie-eating champion, (3) a scantily dressed young lady, it becomes a gripping realistic drama.

There are at least fifteen scenes in "The Flying Fleet" having nothing to do with the story, no interest in general, no comedy (unless you still think Secretary Wilbur is funny) and were inserted, I suppose, to give a veracious atmosphere. The result is about as stirring as a New York Times editorial.

As the old grandmother, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation, remarks at the conclusion of the picture: "This marriage by contract is a mess of applesauce." That is a very gentle estimate of that scorching moral print: "Marriage By Contract." The old lady probably didn't know any more effective phrases, or she might well have used them.

I'm a long time getting around to it, but "Romance of the Underworld" is a very pleasing, if not fresh, romantic movie. It is easy to watch, and Mary Astor does a splendid job.

If you own any Warner Brothers' stock, and if you believe a stock should have a market value approximating its real value, sell while you're lucky. They are still in the antique, instead of the movie business. And "The Redeeming Sin" is another one of these fine romantic bits that used to knock 'em cold back in the days when Charlie Chaplin had only one Rolls Royce. Go for about fifteen minutes and have a good time hearing Nagel and Dolores Costello punishing dialogues that would have been dull during McKinley's administration, and then hope that some day somebody will tell Warner Brothers that even antiques can become very monotonous.

The Movie Guide

"Awakening"—For Louis Wolheim fans.

"A Woman of Affairs"—Languid adaptation of The Green Hat, but Garbo's best work.

"Brotherly Love"—George K. Arthur and Karl Dane heaving bricks at each other in funny fashion.

"Case of Lena Smith"—Beautiful pictures, superb music, and excellent acting on a sordid, real, idea.

"End of St. Petersburg"—Which still remains the best war picture to date.

"The Doctor's Secret"—Reviewed in this issue.

"Interference"—Dull, despite the excellence of the cast.

"The Flying Fleet"—Reviewed in this issue.

"My Man"—Fannie Brice, funny the first fifteen minutes.

"Marriage by Contract"—Reviewed in this issue.

"The Magnificent Flirt"—Light, gay, and well done, with Florence Vidor.

"The Patriot"—Still the best picture of the year.

"Outcast"—Surprisingly good, with Corinne Griffith.

"The Patsy"—Marion Davies is really funny in this one.

"Redskin"—Richard Dix working like a real Indian. Worth seeing.

"The River"—More to this than meets the eye. Beautiful pictures, as well.

"The Rescue"—Herbert Brennon doing very well by Conrad's novel.

"Shadows of Fear"—A French picture, made for adults, with no happy ending.

"The Shopworn Angel"—A doughboy struggling to love a gold digger. Well done.

"Sins of the Fathers"—Emil Jannings is too sad for words.

"The Redeeming Sin"—Reviewed in this issue.

"Romance of the Underworld"—Reviewed in this issue.

"The Singing Fool"—Jolson getting a couple of good crys.

"The Wolf of Wall Street"—In sheepish clothing.

"White Shadows"—Excellent picture of the South Seas.

BLAST MY CUTICLE, I'M IN THE RUFF AGAIN! GROANED THE GOLFER

Curl your gams around the brake-rods of this fast freight due at Joyville at five-fifteen ding dong blah. "Hey, it says in the paper that a cove was smoked off for three bucks!" noted a medico's frau. "Only three bucks?" replied the sawbones absent-mindedly, "The bird that killed him couldn't have been a real doctor!" Watch the burgher fletcherize that one, Groucho.

Fowl Verse

The Peacock

A nifty bird, a feathered Saturn
Of variegated, cubist pattern
The Peacock is the incubator's
Gift t' Interior Decorators.

He cannot sing, this haughty male
But he sure spreads a gaudy tail
About the shabby countryside:
A Ziegfeld baby—glorified.

Through his infectious vanity
He causes wild profanity
Amongst the men whose females must
Look a million bucks or bust.

Therefore, Ladies, please don't be-frock
Like the vain and foolish peacock.

—George Mitchell

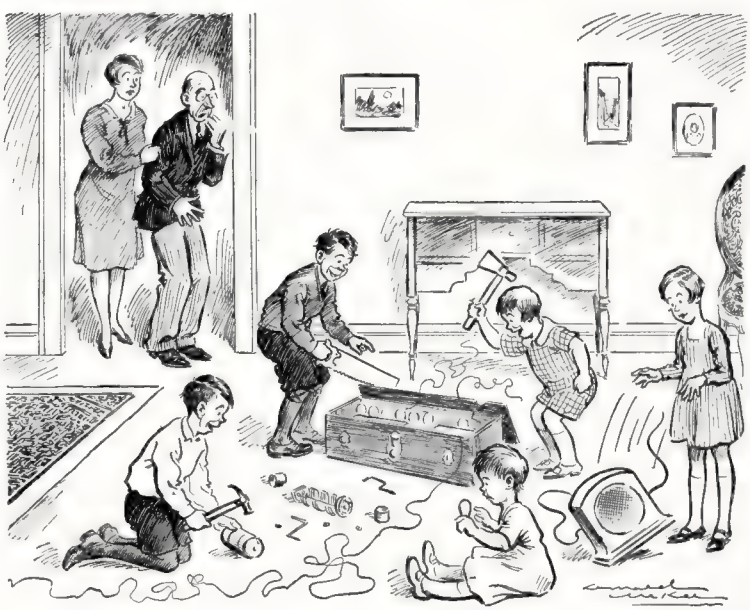
Radio Fan—Now let's listen to some of the latest unpopular songs.

Even the deaf can enjoy the talking movies. Maybe even more so.

Where the Danger Lay

"I hear you rode on the cow catcher of a locomotive once. I'll bet you were scared."

"You bet; I didn't know what minute I was going to get hit by an auto."



Children's Hour on the radio—If the children were consulted

SHE—*Where were you last night?*

HE—*Well, in the first place—*

SHE—*I know all about the* FIRST *place—where did you go after that?*

—JOHN COULTHARD,
U. of S. California '30.

"And So, Ad Infinitum"

"Jenks, the famous ghost-writer, has finally achieved the ultimate in success."

"And what is that?"

"He has another ghost-writer write his ghost-writing for him."

—RAOUL BLUMBERG,
Yale '29

He (at "sound" movie)—What, no theme song? What kind of a picture is this?

—ALEXANDER MILCH,
Amherst '29

A Scotchman is a fellow who, if you sold him the Thousand Islands, would count 'em.

—JOE WM. EARNEST,
Columbia '29

Sir Seize—It is feudal to attack that mighty castle.

—TYSON ALLEN, *Ga. Tech '31*

Hollywood Secrets

Were you aware that:

George Bancroft, before going into the movies, was President of the United States?

Clara Bow has a wooden leg?

If all the gowns belonging to Joan Crawford were piled on top of each other on the kitchen floor, they would quite probably remain in that position until someone put them back in the closet?

Nancy Carroll makes it a point never to blow her nose with a pretzel in her mouth?

Rin Tin Tin is prejudiced against caviar?

Baclanova got that way from riding a high-wheeled bicycle?

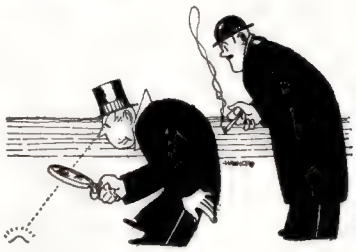
Anna May Wong is the composer of "Mother Machree"?

Real airplanes were used in "Wings"?

—FRANK LYNN PARKE,
Fordham '32

All men are born free. But only football men get through college that way.

—A. M. JONES,
Princeton '29



"Are you a detective?"
"No, I'm makin' mountainsh out of molehillsh."

—R. D. HAMILTON,
Yale '31.

Another Lily Ole Two-Liner

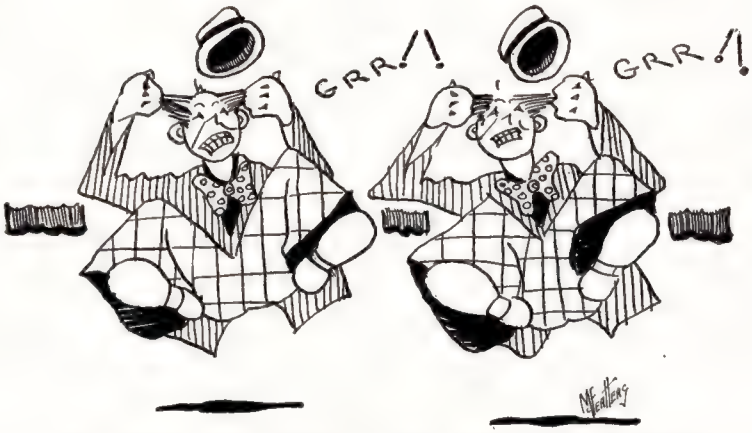
Washburn—Oh, I tore my pansy!

Crosby—Uh-huh, I zinnia when you done it.

—GEORGE MILBURN,
U. of Oklahoma '30

Joe is so adept at slinging the bull that I have come to the conclusion that he must have kissed the Boloney stone!

—AL BREED,
Trinity '31



The above, gentle onlooker, is not a photograph of a cheering section, but is merely a serious etching of a man beside himself with rage.

—FRANK MCFEATTERS, *Pittsburgh, '31.*

TRAFFIC COP—*Well, ye blank-dashety-blank! Why don'tcha say something?*

Another Freak of Science

Many people that has been carried away with reading about the Siamese twins being separated by a stroke of the surgeon's knife has probably overlooked a even more baffling case. I will wager that no more than three people in the U. S. A. are aware that the writer of these lines was one-third of a Siamese twin by the name of Leftwich and probably don't care.

The three of us was born to a Mrs. Leftwich about twelve years back who had just been pardoned by the governor for shooting a cuff in self-defense. The other two boys was intensely handsome, as was also the writer, although Dame Modesty prevents him from saying how handsome. Well, the boy on the left-hand end was christened Paul Leftwich, and me and my brother on the right was called Paul Centerwich and Paul Rightwich to tell us apart. "Which is which?" was a favorite saying amongst the neighbors, none of whom were wits. Paul Leftwich had magnetic green eyes, whilst Paul Rightwich had red ones. I myself was totally blind for days on end, mostly from imbibing cans of Sterno. This red and green combination of my brothers' eyes was very handy, especially in traffic. When Paul Leftwich's green eyes would flash, why that would mean "Go" and I would "go," but a gleam from Paul Rightwich's eyes would mean "Stop" and then I would take the girl home. For some years the trio of us garnered a respectful amount of lucre working as signals for the city, but then the blow fell.

Paul Leftwich had been keeping company with a girl named Gossamer or Gossoon or some funny name like that, and they used to meet every evening secretly down in the gulley. But it kept getting less secret all the time because I and Paul Rightwich had to go along each time, as we was greatly "attached" to our brother.

ATHENIAN MRS.—*Aha! You've been out with that Medusa again!*

So finally our mother took us to a doctor named Voohees or Kellner and he snipped Paul Leftwich off with a pair of his wife's manicure scissors.

Paul Leftwich now changed his name to Gauguin and became a house-painter, but he soon tired of that and turned strip cartoonist and did a number of cuts which excited no attention whatsoever. For the benefit of those of my clientele that is too stupid to know what a strip cartoonist is, why he is an artist that they fire off a rod and all the artists start undressing and sketching pictures at the same time. The first one undressed wins the baby doll. Paul Gauguin finally went in the cloth-shrinking game and shrank until he disappeared.

All this time Paul Rightwich and I was going around together shoulder to shoulder, so to speak. When the time came for us to receive the higher education, my brother wanted to go to Princeton on account of our father had gone there, but I was a Yale hopeful because that was where our mother had matriculated. So she took us to the doctor again who by now had changed his name to Schulthess and was still dissatisfied. He got out the shears once more and in a trice we were cleft in twain. My brother changed his name to Poiret and died in obscurity in a government warehouse where he fell in a demijohn whilst sampling some liquids.

As for the chronicler of these events, why he was the only successful member of the trio, graduating from Bellairs without honors. When the war broke out he was nowhere to be found, and historians often trace America's defeat in the war to this root. It is thought that he changed his name to Chas. Coin because he turned up like a bad penny some years later in Hartford on a dappled piebald, looking very dapper. Whatever happened to him we will not soon forget our gay comrade with the dreaming eyes that stood knee-deep with us in the mud of the trenches—back in the old days when we worked for the sewer department.

—Perelman

The tight-rope walker changes his shirt.

Mother—*How Lester's carriage has improved since we gave him a pair of military brushes for his birthday!*

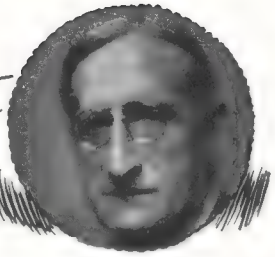
WIVES...
Sir Walter keeps 'em mild

STAND up for your rights, ladies. Why put up with that strong smelly pipe when Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture will tame and soften it? It's so mild, you'll *like* its fragrance and urge him to light up anywhere around the house. Surprise him. Send for a tin at our expense.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 113, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be
It's *milder*

HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?



SIDNEY S. LENZ

Mr. Lenz has held, fourteen times, the National and International Bridge and Whist Championships. Those who follow this department of Judge will understand why Wilbur C. Whitehead has said, "Sidney Lenz is undoubtedly the most remarkable card player the world has ever known."

Mr. Lenz will welcome correspondence from Judge readers and will give advice and answer questions related to Auction and Contract provided correspondents send stamped addressed envelopes for reply.

Demand bids at Contract must have clearly defined high card values, or the forced bid of the partner is very likely to run into a mess of trouble. The minimum top-card holding required for an original bid of two in suit should be:

1st: A six card suit headed by the Ace-King with one outside trick,

2nd: A five card suit headed by the Ace-King with two outside tricks,

3rd: A four card suit headed by the Ace-King with three outside tricks and three suits stopped.

Should the suit bid have less top-card strength, then additional values must be contained in the side suits.

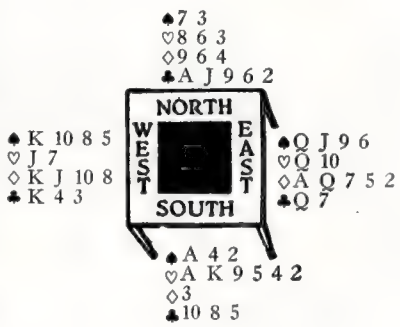
To make Demand bids on less than the above requirements is highly dangerous and many players refuse to make such bids unless they hold five or more quick tricks.

When such a player is running in bad luck he probably would not recognize a Demand bid until it bit him in the leg.

Unquestionably, sharp adversaries will defeat some hands, but in my opinion many games will be won that would never be arrived at in any other system of bidding.

The three trick hand, when holding a six card suit, is probably the one most open to criticism.

While little can be proved by one or two examples, I wonder how a game could be bid on the following hand, played at the Contract Bridge Club of New York, unless the auction started with a Demand bid.



If South, who had the deal, started with a bid of one Heart, it is highly improbable that there would be any further bidding. North, certainly, has no support for a bid of one and the adversaries would be a bit naive to reopen the bidding fourth-hand. While South has a minimum Demand bid and North's forced assist has little more than the required one trick, the game is bid and made by South with an extra trick should West lead anything but a Spade.

It should be understood that a one trick raise of the partner's Demand bid is likewise a Demand bid and the bidding will be kept open. For that reason, even with a powerful hand, a jump raise is unnecessary and when a slam appears to be snooping around, it can be arrived at by easy stages.

Demand bids are also made by the partner of a one trick bidder. In such cases, the bid must be for one trick more than necessary to overcall in a suit other than the one bid by partner. Say the original bid is one Club. The partner's "two Diamonds" would be a Demand bid. A one Spade bid would have to be overcalled with a bid of three.

Jumping the partner's one trick bid in the same suit, is not a Demand bid. For that reason, a jump bid in the same suit should be for the limit. When a Demand bid is started and the adversary puts in an intervening bid, the following player is relieved from the necessity of responding to his partner's Demand bid, as the bidding is still open.

Demand bids are not used at No Trumps, although it should be apparent that a two No Trump bid could be supported with considerably less strength than needed to raise a bid of but one.

Prize Winners, Prob. 36, Series 2

As it appeared in the Feb. 2nd issue

1st Prize:	Lt. Col. B. S. Berry, New York, N. Y.
2nd Prize:	Homer H. Berry, Philadelphia, Pa.
3rd Prize:	Leonard Price, New York, N. Y. Nathaniel J. Hillson, New York, N. Y.
Special Prize:	Major C. B. Lindner, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Pity!

"Do you suffer from neuritis?"

"No!"

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? Why?"

"Because I'd like to be able to do something for you and I've invented a splendid cure for it."

—Dublin Opinion

"Is he a good rabbit dog?" inquired the hunter, after inspecting the animal.

"I'll say he is!" the dealer replied with pride. "You should have seen the way he went after my wife's new sealskin coat!"

—American Legion Monthly

"Tripe? How perfectly vulgar! Is nothing *sacred to a butcher?"*

A "BIT" OF DISTINCTION

MELACHRINO

Cigarettes Mild and Cool

©The Union Tobacco Company

French Dressmaker: *"I will show you ze coat fit for ze queen . . ."*

American Shopper: *"What makes you think I want such a coat?"*

French Dressmaker: *"I notice zat Madame smokes ze Melachrinos, like all ze smartest, important Amèricaines."*

STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon . . .

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Avenue, New York City

C. 3-9-29

Gentlemen:

I am a bridge player, and would like to have your Melachrino-Bridge offer of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tip, Straw tip and Plain ends—a score-pad with the official rules of contract bridge and two packs of Congress Cards (*free of any advertising*) bearing my monogram—$4.75 value, obtainable for $2.50 with this coupon, to introduce Melachrinos.

Initials _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHEN ORDINARY CIGARETTES WON'T DO—SMOKE MELACHRINOS

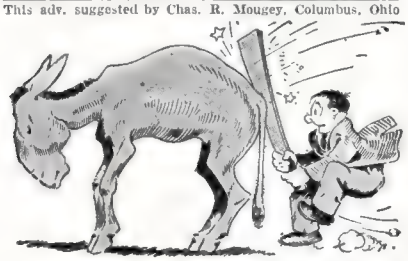
nurses know

Capable—and careful—the trained nurse administers our comfort. If there is pain, she gives a tablet to relieve it. That tablet is Bayer Aspirin. Experience has taught her it is quickest. The doctor has told her it's quite harmless. So it is safe to use in everyday life, any time you have an ache or pain. Take Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a headache, cold, neuralgia, etc. Don't wait until the suffering has become severe. Be sure, though, to get Bayer. *There is only one genuine Aspirin.*

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

This adv. suggested by Chas. R. Mougey, Columbus, Ohio



—and it is just as unsafe to use inflammable Cleaning Fluids

demand-

CARBONA

Cleaning Fluid

CANNOT BURN

CANNOT EXPLODE

absolutely safe!-

Removes Grease Spots

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES AT ALL DRUG STORES

Carbona Products Co., 304-306 West 26th Street, New York

TRAMP—*Gimme a penny for my wife.*

PROFESSOR (absently)—*I regret I must decline. The price is undoubtedly low, but I already have one.*

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

Bridge Problem

Q—I called "One Club" as my initial bid, and, on the strength of my "One Club" call, my partner the Colonel called "Two No Trumps" over our opponents' "Two Hearts." On glancing at my hand when the bidding came round to me again, I discovered that what I had taken to be the Ace of Clubs was in reality the Two of that suit, and that I had not another trick in my hand. What should I have then called?

A—An ambulance.

—DUBLIN OPINION

"What about that fiver I lent you the other week? You promised me you wouldn't keep it long."

"I didn't. It was gone in half an hour."

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

"How did the new car behave on your vacation trip?"

"Splendidly. We averaged five antique shops to the gallon."

—WASHINGTON STAR

In The Danger Zone

"I was offered a job yesterday."

"Good'un?"

"Dunno—didn't hear."

BULLETIN (*Sydney*)

The tramp had just done an odd job. On being asked what he would like, he suggested a drop of whisky.

The employer handed him his drink with the remark: "That's another nail in your coffin."

"Well, guv'nor," replied the tramp, "while you've got the 'ammer 'andy, drive in another!"

—TIT BITS

THE DRAKE HOTEL is wonderfully located. On the lake, yet within easy walking distance of the heart of downtown Chicago. For tempting food and remarkable service, THE DRAKE is known far and wide. Rates are reasonable—as low as five dollars a day single room with bath, six double. Special discounts for extended stays. Write for Illustrated Booklet, Edition 16.

Under the Blackstone management known the world over

The* DRAKE HOTEL *Chicago

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page* 18)

down from his antecedent work. Essaying to write a drama dealing with mankind's search for a new god to take the place of the unsatisfying gods, O'Neill has turned out a heavily swollen, juvenile and tedious concoction full of all his faults and with none of his virtues. He has arbitrarily brought into senseless play again his use of the "aside," so valuably and authentically employed in "Strange Interlude"; he has arbitrarily made bogus use again of the scenic scheme which fitted "Desire Under the Elms" aptly enough; he has intensified his emotions to a ridiculous melodramatic pitch; and he has thought out his thesis crudely, often childishly and always trivially. His play is a dud. Why shouldn't the reviewers be content to say as much and pray to God that his next one will again be something worth-while, instead of contending, with eggs, tomato cans and axes, that O'Neill ought to be summarily despatched and thrown down the nearest sewer?

Moeller's direction is fairly good. Lee Simonson's setting for the last act, showing the interior of a hydro-electric plant, is admirable, though his skeletonized houses in the first and second acts suggest that the scene of the play is Yokohama. Dudley Digges, Glenn Anders, Catherine Doucet and Claudette Colbert give commendable performances.

"My Girl Friday," by a gent named Grew, who has also directed it and who acts one of the leading rôles, is another attempt to pop money out of the box-office with dirty stuff. If you like a smutty play, here's where you'll find the smut but you won't get the play. Grew may know smut when he sees it but he certainly seems to know very little about playwriting. I will not be the hypocrite and pretend that there aren't two or three funny moments in his peep-show, but for these two or three moments there are interminable half-hours of depressing odors.

Social Worker—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

Fisherman—No, sir. I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way.

—Tit Bits

"If the cougher in the 4th row will come to the stage door... *there's a carton of Old Golds waiting for him!*"

"Of course, I've never said the above! But how I've been tempted to! It isn't good cricket to publicly embarrass a cougher. He isn't barking on purpose. He needs quiet, friendly counsel. He should, in confidence, be told to smoke Old Golds. For, from my own experience with this smooth and throat-easy cigarette, I don't believe there's a cough in a capacity houseful of them."

(SIGNED)

W. C. Fields

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

On Your Radio . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, and his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

W. C. FIELDS
Comedian Extraordinary featured in the newest edition of the "Vanities."

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

"I'd Like Him If--"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refined men and women keep nails **always** clean and neat, with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims, and files. Ask your cutlery dealer or druggist.

THE H. C. COOK CO.
3 Beaver Street Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL Gem 50c. Gem Jr. 35c

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Belvedere Hotel

48th Street, West of Broadway
New York City
TIMES SQUARE'S FINEST HOTEL

Within convenient walking distance to important business centers and theatres. Ideal transit facilities

450 ROOMS 450 BATHS

Large Single Rooms with Bath, $4.00 per day
For Two, $5.00—Twin Beds, $6.00

Large Double Rooms, Twin Beds, Bath, $6.00 per day—Special Weekly Rates. Furnished or Unfurnished Suites with Serving Pantries, $95 to $150 per month

Moderately Priced Restaurant Featuring a Peerless Cuisine

Illustrated Booklet Free on Request

CURTIS A. HALE, *Managing Director*

EUROPE $7.00 a day

200 All Expense Tours $225 up. Booklet Free. Mediterranean and Scandinavian Cruises, $395 ALLEN TOURS, Inc., 154 Boylston Street, Boston

A Doctor Knows what is best for any Stomach

Well-known authorities, famous in the medical world, have learned the certain relief for gas, "sour stomach" and similar gastric troubles. They say:

"Calcium carbonate, properly compounded, is the ideal anti-acid. It has no disturbing effect on the system, and is *utterly safe* in the hands of the patient. It is best used in the form of tablets."

For the correction of "sour" stomach, and attendant ills, nothing equals Stuart's Tablets—just the right compound of calcium carbonate and other soothing substances—swift and certain in their relief, safe and harmless in their use.

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 723, Marshall, Mich.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

At All Drug Stores: 25c and 60c

The Quickest Relief for Gastric Disorder

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. "CLEAR-TONE" has been tried and tested in over 300,000 cases. Used like toilet water. Is simply magical in prompt results. *At All Druggists—with Proven Directions.* You can rely on "CLEAR-TONE" for Skin and Complexion.

Mfgd. by GIVENS CHEMICAL CO., Kansas City, Mo.

PISO'S *for* **Coughs**

Quick Relief! **A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally*, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.**

THE SAVOY HOTEL

WOODWARD AT ADELAIDE

$2.50 SINGLE

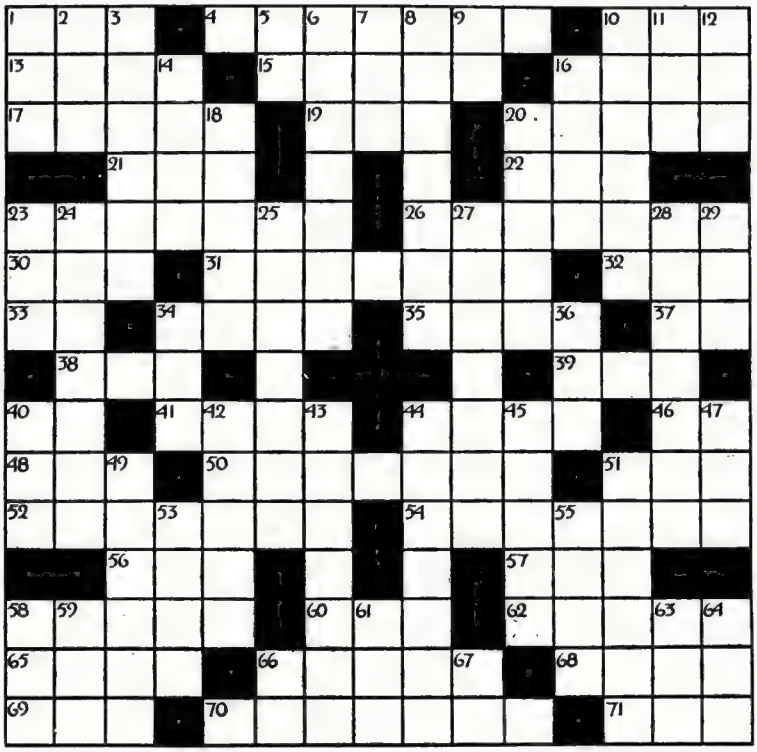
$4 To $5.50 DOUBLE

750 ROOMS EACH *with* BATH

IN THE HEART OF

DETROIT

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 94



Submitted by Mrs. J. F. Smith, Campti, La.

Judge pays $10 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. This will put you in the shade.
4. The husband's story, according to the wife.
10. An obsolete kind of female.
13. Often put in the jug.
15. Wet spots in Scotland.
16. What she did with her new dress at the party.
17. A washout will do this.
19. The cowboy "done" this in the western film.
20. Taxi accessories.
21. The blindfold-tester did this to his cigarette before he would endorse it.
22. Belonging to a man in a brown derby.
23. A highflyer.
26. Women who telephone.
30. These fellows aren't on the outs.
31. These have plenty of kick.
32. If you do this you'll get a good lacing.
33. A preposition.
34. How the bankroll looked after the party.
35. You'll find this along with the "cream in your coffee."
37. Possessive pronoun.
38. A pocket full of this would make you sing, too.
39. Climbers have a hard time making this grade.
40. 3.1416.
41. You couldn't call this lively.
44. You must be eager to be this way.
46. Like.
48. The sick poet contracted this.
50. What happened to love and justice.
51. Past.
52. This sort of tissue worries the modern woman.
54. These are good enough to eat.
56. Gunga's family name.
57. You ought to change this every so often.
58. A porcupine is like this.
60. Yale.
62. Rusty.
65. A flock of cows.
66. A great open space.
68. A salutation.
69. This will hold you up.
70. These seldom work at Monte Carlo.
71. Too many people try to put this on.

Vertical

1. What borrowers do.
2. Have you ever been given this?
3. Little hills.
5. A ticket into the movies.
6. If your auto does this on a sharp curve the chances are she won't walk back.
7. The divorce angle.
8. Composed.
9. Bone.
10. The mainstay of our mothers.
11. This is found by gold-diggers.
12. The word that started it all.
14. What every reporter wants to do.
16. The flapper's automobile ride.
18. French study.
20. The sleuth's whiskers.
23. A way the Romans had.
24. The way to leave most liquor.
25. Knaves.
27. What you did when you got to the station.
28. Good spirits will cause this.
29. The former home of Swift's bacon.
34. How the horse was gotten to the water.
36. You have to run around a lot to do this.
40. This is not easy to knife.
42. The black notes are usually made of this.
43. These people have no use for 54 horizontal.
44. A sweet girl, if you believe the song-writer.
45. This is badly cracked.
47. Help wanted.
53. You don't have to be a fakir to lie on these needles.
55. A photographer's attention-getter.
58. It's always looked up to.
59. What they made with the jack o' lantern the day after Hallowe'en.
61. What a vacant house is for.
63. An ignorant person.
64. A unit of work.
66. This means yes.
67. The morning after the night before. (Abbr.)

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

M	A	R	R	I	E	D	■	A	P	P	E	A	R	S
A	R	E	A	■	R	E	A	D	E	■	G	R	E	W
N	I	N	E	■	A	F	T	E	R	■	O	M	N	I
A	D	D	■	I	■	E	E	N	■	G	■	S	O	S
G	■	■	O	V	E	N	■	O	I	L	Y	■	■	H
E	V	A	■	O	T	C	■	I	R	A	■	S	H	E
D	I	V	O	R	S	E	■	D	E	D	U	C	E	D
■	T	A	R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	L	A	B	■
W	A	I	T	E	R	S	■	R	A	T	T	L	E	S
I	L	L	■	T	O	T	■	O	N	E	■	P	S	I
N	■	■	G	O	B	I	■	W	A	S	H	■	■	S
T	H	E	■	N	■	N	O	B	■	T	■	C	A	T
E	A	R	S	■	I	G	L	O	O	■	S	A	F	E
R	I	S	E	■	C	E	D	A	R	■	A	F	A	R
S	L	E	N	D	E	R	■	T	E	N	D	E	R	S

Jest in Pun

Note on modern wives: Nowadays when you hear of a wife missing her husband, you can generally figure that she'll aim more carefully next time.

And speaking of true modern helpmates, how about the crossword-puzzle addict's wife who riddled him with bullets?

But for a union of *real* compatibility, you couldn't beat the case of the submarine captain who married the grand opera contralto. Yeah, because you see, she was a deep-C diva, too. (Never *mind* how it's pronounced—it *looks* all right, doesn't it? Well, then . . .)

This next one is what I call one of my "stock" jokes, and I'll illustrate it so you can't miss its subtle point . . .

Mrs. Thoroughbred Jersey—My dear, I do believe that new creature our master has bought is nothing but a common cross-breed!

Mrs. Highbrow Holstein—Oh, well, you must remember, it takes all kines to make a world!

Ancient advice to young men: *Keep filling your coffers with new gold!*

Modern advice to theatre managers: *Keep filling your coughers with Old Gold!*

A thought for today: A good many of our prominent citizens who know a thing or two about the sale of liquor would balk at publicly taking the wetness stand.

A word of cheer for tired roués: *It's better to have loved and lust than never to have loved at all.*

—JAQUITA

Solve the mystery of quiet waters

THERE *is* a mysterious lure in the soft ripple of shadowed waters. Let the gentle witchery of streamland lull you into understanding. Drift from sunlight into shade . . . float through moon-mellowed pools. Solve the mystery of quiet waters—in an Old Town.

You'll appreciate the graceful trimness of Old Town Canoes. They're patterned after real Indian models. Light and perfectly balanced. Durable too. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1913 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

I POSITIVELY GUARANTEE that you can produce wonderful, sweet music in three days and quickly play popular and classical selections.

Complete Outfit Sent on Trial

PLAY A SAW

No notes to read, no dreary practice. Just three short, simple lessons revealing every secret of my 12 years' success as a professional saw musician. Amaze your friends with this sensation of radio, vaudeville, orchestra and lodge entertainment. Send for complete information about my special introductory offer of Saw, Bow, Hammer, and Resin, FREE with Course of Instruction.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
106 So. Third St., Fort Atkinson, Wis.

4 out of 5 Forget

As the price of forgetfulness and neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health to Pyorrhea—the disease that ignores white teeth and attacks the gums.

Keep your teeth clean, of course. But when you brush your teeth brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

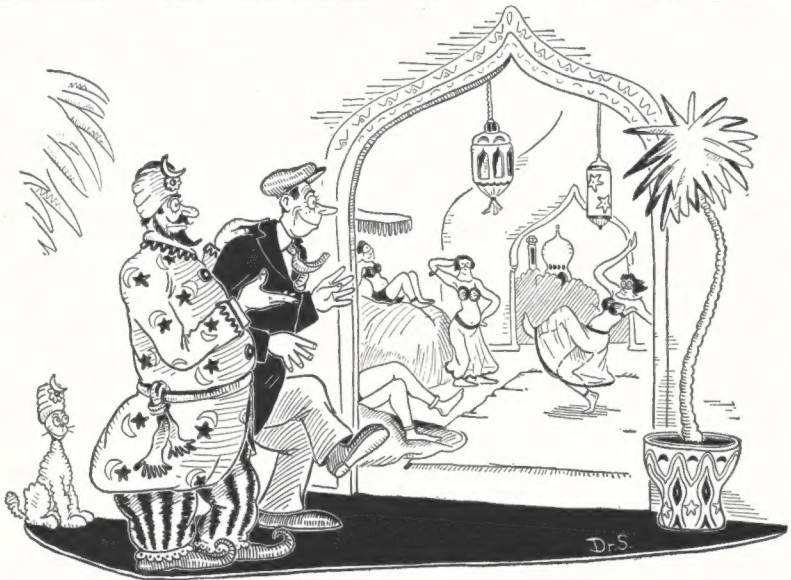
The formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, disease seldom attacks healthy gums. In addition it cleans teeth and protects them from acids that cause decay.

Visit your dentist at least once every six months. And start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's, every morning, every night. The results will delight you. Get a tube from your druggist today, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



SULTAN (showing visitor around)—*Our big worry here is the mosquito problem. If anyone solves it, every harem girl in the place will fall on his neck.*

VISITOR—*Out of my way, big boy! My* Flit gun *is in the hotel just around the corner!*—ADVT.

Judge hotels

by what you get

The Statlers invite your scrutiny and comparison of the values they offer:

EQUIPMENT: ***Every*** **room has radio reception, its own private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, and the other characteristic Statler conveniences—including a morning paper under the door.**

SERVICE: **Statler service is rendered by trained employees, working under the most liberal policies of "guest-pleasing" known.**

RATES: **More than 82% of the Statler rooms are $5 per day or less, for single occupancy. Fixed rates are posted in every Statler room.**

The organization of Statler

there are Statlers in

BOSTON -- BUFFALO -- CLEVELAND
DETROIT -- ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK (*Hotel Pennsylvania*)

HOTELS STATLER

"Look, Mamma! Goody, goody! Moran and Mack!"

High Hat

(*Continued from page 17*)

head and toss him from the room.

I don't know what I'd *do* without Tomato—faithful old almond eyes! If he interrupts me again those faithful old almond eyes will swell into big black walnuts!!!!

Oh—well—"Follow Thru" is a peachy show, no *end!*

I'm going to say nothing of "Whispering Gallery"—restraint is the most adorable thing about me.

Dropped into an Eighty-sixth Street beer garden t'other evening. The tables had been taken out of the place and hospital cots had been moved in. Surgeons had replaced waiters. I wanted to know all about it, of course, and a pretty nurse told me there was so much ether in the beer being served, that people were demanding operations along with it.

Dropped into the Dizzy Club same evening. It isn't as high hat as it was getting to be—the old nickel piano, which was made into a ten-cent one, is now playing to nickels again.

Among the night clubs, if you belong, I should say the Club Lido offers most for your wasted money. Beatrice Lillie, the female Four Marx Brothers, drolls there nightly, and Moss and Fontana, the high-hat hoofers, dance right into your heart. Going from the Club Lido to any other night club is like going from Barney Gallant's to church.

PERSONAL—If the young lady who had a date to meet me at the Forrest Theatre last Wednesday evening will forward *$6.60* for the unused seat, she will be partly forgiven. JUDGE, JR.

They Also Serve

Waiter—Has your order been taken?

Waitee—Yes and so was my photograph when I was a child.

—DUBLIN OPINION

A placid old lady who took life philosophically sat knitting in the drawing-room. To her there came rushing her fifteen-year-old granddaughter.

"Oh, granny, granny," cried the girl, "father's just fallen off the roof!"

"I know, my child," replied the old lady, without even raising her eyes. "I saw him pass the window." —TIT BITS

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, N. Y.

The JOHNSTON & MURPHY *Shoe for Men*

Abreast of new world progress, yet adhering to the best of tradition, Johnston & Murphy sets the pace for the American gentleman in the shoe mode. It offers with pride the latest development of shoe craftsmanship, a new shoe, modeled to modern lines... the Croydon.

THE J&M JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE

Newark, N. J.

San Diego, California

The Croydon Oxford, Style No. 315

A smart, English type walking-oxford in Russia Calf, with Gold Spot Spartan Sole. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for style booklet.

QUADRI-COLOR CO., JAMAICA, N.Y.

what a whale of a difference
just a few *stripes* make...

Yes... and what a whale
of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

... a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.